
Title: Song of Justice

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And how great is a
smooth small stone?
A grain of sand, a
scrap of thread?
Perhaps a lonely slip
of sedge?
Or one hair from one
single head?
Great enough to tip the
scale!
To send a-slant the
balanced beam!
Until it tells its unfair
tale.
Of what is, not but
how it seems.
For the Just o'erlook
no speck or spot,
For right is right,
though great or small,
That all might have
the same fair lot,
None go without and
none with all.
And they fear not to
make those pay
Who tip the scale with
hearts of greed.
The Just seek e'er the
righteous way.
And this is Justice'
rhyme and rede.